MARKED AS HEROES

Gen. Felix Agnus' Oration at Arlington Cemetery.

WHAT WAR AND BATTLE MEANT

Eloquent Words Addressed to the G. A. R. Veterans.

THE GREAT COMMANDERS

The orator of the day at Arlington ceme tery was Gen. Felix Agnus, soldier and journalist, of Baltimore.

Gen. Agnus' oration was as follows: Comrades, Friends and Fellow Citizens: In the early wars, before the age of explosives, every legion as it entered into battle would detail an officer whose duty it was to watch the bravery or fighting qualities of both friend and foe. This officer would select an eminence nearby and carefully note the individual deeds of heroism, and all who died bravely were buried with great honor and ceremony. Even in our own times, Sir Charles Napier reports that in one of his campaigns in the Upper Scinde, a detachment of troops were marching along a valley, the cliffs overhanging, which were crested by the enemy. A sergeant and a small squad of men became separated by taking the wrong side of the ravine, which suddenly deepened into an



impassable guif: the officer in command on the other side signaled for the party to return, but they mistook the signal for an order to charge. The brave fellows answered with a cheer, and with a dash bean order to charge. The brave fellows all swered with a cheer, and with a dash began to charge toward the summit of the mountain, where was a triangular platform, defended by a breastwork, behind which were hundreds of the foe. On and on went the handful of brave British soldiers, and as there were but eleven of them, the contest could not last long eight fell quickly in the charge, and the others soon followed in their efforts to get closer to the enemy. Among these wild hill men it was a custom when one of their great chieftains fell in battle to bind his wrist with a ribbon either of red, white or blue, the first denoting the highest rank and bravery. As was their wont, they stripped their enemy's dead and threw their bodies over the precipice, and it was there on the morrow their comrades found them stark and torn; but deeply as these

there on the morrow their comrades found them stark and torn; but deeply as these savages hated their foes, round the wrists of every British hero they had twined a red ribbon, thus in death honoring them all as chiefs and mighty braves.

Today, as we look back over the deeds of our civil war, we feel that every soldier who lost his life for the Union has the mark of the hero upon him. And better than that, we plant upon his grave the most glorious flag the world has ever known.

The Meaning of the Day. Standing on this spot, Gen. Garfield said:

"If silence be ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of these 13,000 soldiers. whose lives were more significant than speech and whose death was a poem, the music of which was never sung."

With you I feel the best tribute is the unspoken gratitude of the heart, but it is right we should show by words and song our love for the dead. To me it is a great honor to stand before you in the midst of these memories, looking yonder to the capital of our mighty nation and recalling the work which reenited the Union and made all this greatness not only possible, but certain, for I tell you, my friends, that the civil war not only settled the questions of the past, but it also determined the leadership of the future. It not only abolished slavery and brought the yawning sections immovably together, but it prepared this nation for the larger destiny which means the extension of liberty to all the nations of the world. Within a quarter of a century we have seen every throne and every shackle of slavery banished from this hemisphere; we have witnessed the growth of free institutions in the other half of the world, and as an object lesson of what a republican form of government means we world, and as an object lesson of what a republican form of government means we behold in France, which next to us is the greatest of republics, the nation that combines within herself a larger prosperity and more kinds of industries and resources than any country of Europe. The procession of the world is marching to the tune of freedom and the republics are leading the parade.

A Majestic Concourse.

In every way the observance of this day important. And it is pleasant to know that each year it grows more full and more tender. Think, today, my friends, of what can be witnessed in every part of this great country. Suppose we could call together in review before us the thousands of veterans, the hundreds of thousands of men and women and children who are in the thousands of places reverently honoring the deeds of the heroes. Would it not stir your souls with love and thankfulness? Would it not show that not only are republics not ungraveful. publics not ungrateful, but that the great heart of the people cherishes more firmly every year the affections for the men who

every year the affections for the men who gave their lives to the Union?

Even during this week we record the death of the Secretary of State, but his achievements either as statesman or as judge disappear to make room for his career as a soldier. For it was in that field that he first earned his laurels, and henceforth, on every 30th of May, Walter Gresham will be remembered as one of the Grand Army which did so much for this country.

country.
In our paintings the symbol of memory is always a beautiful goddess with a scroll. She is erect and precise, and in her is the dignity of severe justice. But the symbol dignity of severe justice. But the symbol of this day is the American mother, the American daughter, with her arms full of flowers and her heart full of love, bending over the graves of those she lost, and mingling with her grief her pride in what they did. God bless her! If it had not been for her faith, her strength, her devotion, her charity, her self-sacrifice, you old fellows who went through it all would not have been worth half as much as you proved yourselves to be when the fighting was fast and the rations were short. A letter from her has made a hero of more than one discouraged soldier who felt like giving up. And it is to a great extent because the women sanetify this day by their love and their attention that it grows all the time in observance and significance.

Another National Hollday.

Another National Hollday.

We have four strictly national holidays: On the 22d of February we honor the On the 4th of July we exalt the Declara

tion of Independence. In November we give thanks to Almight God for His blessings to us as a people and a nation.
On this day we consecrate our thoughts to the Union and pay our tributes to

men who saved it.

And before long I hope to see another holiday added to these—a day in honor of the man who was to the cause of the Union what Washington was to the cause of liberty—Abraham Lincoln. We owe it to his services and to ourselves to make his hirthday a holiday throughout

lis birthday a holiday throughout the land. My friends, I only wish that he were here to tell you in his beautiful way The Story of the War.

Certainly we have yet to see how great it really was. Like a towering mountain

range it stands in the records of great achievements of the world, and we cannot appreciate its full proportions until we ge far enough away to take in its whole mean ng. Thirty years have come and gone and

ing. Thirty years have come and gone and each year has added to our knowledge of its size. We have got away from the passions which came to the best of men in those days of trial and tribulation and have reached the threshold of newer and smoother ground from which we can view the marvelous results of the greatest civil conflict in the world's listory.

Acress the river we see Maryland, which, although a border state with firm and contending convictions, sent her full quota of men to the Union army, and of their bravery and the work they did history tells. The same manhood which saved the day for Washington in the revolution more than once; which drove the British from the Chesapeake in 1814; which achieved glory on the heights of Mexico in 1848, wrote new pages in the records of the sixties. If Maryland as a border state did her duty so nobly what words can I find to describe the heroes of those other states which sent their thousands to the front?

I cannot understand how any man can look at the work of these men without profound emotion. I cannot understand how citizens of this country can jeer at the old wounds and the ragged sleeves.

What War Service Meant.

What War Service Meant. Go back with me to the early sixties. You are a young man with good prospects and with a high ambition. Others look to you for future support. The next five years are to determine your success. Your country is assailed. War is declared. A call for troops goes forth. Being a man with your intense love of country, with the ardor of youth and with the courage of your forefathers, you do not stop to calculate chances or to consider circumstances, but at once offer your services to the flag. From the comforts of home you go to the lowlands of Virginia. From the first exposure is your fate. Your food is coarse and often scant. Within a week you have probably taken to your system the germs of disease. You serve through the war, you give yourself to your country. Perhaps you are wounded, perhaps not. You return home. Your chances of success in civil life are changed. You are not fit for the duties you left five years before. There are only certain kinds of work you can do, and you have a hard time getting employment. In the course of time the disease you contracted begins to show. Your earning capacity is only a fraction of what it would have been if you had remained at your desk instead of answering your country's call. Now, my friend, do you think because you receive a pittance from this rich government that people look upon you as a pension bummer?

No, a thousand times, no!

If they did I would not profane this place and the memory of the men who lie buried here by trying to exalt the dead at the cost of the living. I have no sympathy with that mean spirit which would let the old soldler starve and then heap flowers upon his grave after he is gone. Beautiful as the tokens are and much as they mean, they cannot signify more than a crust of bread given to a hungry veteran or a cup. of cold water raised to the lips of the wounded soldier. your forefathers, you do not stop to calculate chances or to consider circumstances.

The People Are Just. But, my old friends, you must not mis-judge the people of the United States. You must not measure their sense of right by the abuse of the few persons who care more for notoriety than they do for the truth. It has been the fate of the old soldiers of every great war to suffer. Many of those who took part in the immortal charge of the light brigade were permitted by the munificent government of Great Britain to die in poverty. Men who turned the fate of nations have died in poor houses. It has remained for this country to do in a larger degree than was ever before done in the world justice to those who gave their lives and their services to its cause. Over the dead it has erected monuments, for the living it has provided pensions.

Because a man occasionally comes from

Because a man occasionally comes from obscurity and directs attention to himself by calling the old soldiers names proves nothing. He may be worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars, but it is quite safe to say that he would not give ten cents to aid the men he maligns and who enabled him to get the fortune he holds. You never heard Grant or Sherman or Sheridan or Schofield or Sickles or the great soldiers you followed declare that your pensions were not deserved. You know and I know that the millions of the people recognize that you are receiving only what is due. The great heart of the people is all right. They have not forgotten, and in all that is said you must remember that there is no need for you to show anger or resentment. Brave men know brave men, and only cowards throw mud at the veterans in blue.

Honoring the Dead.

In keeping green the memories of this day you touch the heart of all good Ameriyoung women with larger and grander emotions of love and patriotism.

I greet you, boys in blue, and join you in your loyalty to the flag, in your re-membrance of those who went down in the fight, in your exaltation of that American spirit which is true to the best and widest

spirit which is true to the best and widest warfare of this nation.

God grant that we may never have another war. But if one should come I know that your example and your work would carry Old Glory to victory again. I know that the people would exclaim in the words of the pairiot:

"Our country, however bounded or described—still our country to be cherished in all our hearts—to be defended by all our hands."

Though Dead Yet They Live. And with you and with them, hovering

over and around you, would be these who are dead, yet who are living in the accomplishment of their work.

Standing upon the parapets of eternity, watching us and those who come after us. they send their message of encouragement and command We see the lost battalions marching in

the light of glory.

With them stand the great commanders

not on pedestals beyond their reach, but as soldiers with the boys—Grant and Sherman and McClellan and Sheridan and Logan and Meade and the others.

And in that vision we behold the greatest no greater than the least, and the least as great as the greatest.

For the heart of the soldier was just as true pits as warm and just as instants.

rue, just as warm and just as immortal, whether he wore shoulder straps or went rom the ranks to the presence of the On who commands us all, and under whor are the destinies of nations



WILL CARLETON'S POEM. Brief Tribute in Verse to the Nation's

Dead Defenders. Will Carleton, the poet of the day at Arlington, read the following poem, entitled

"Cover Them Over."

Cover them over with beautiful flow'rs,
Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night and by day.
Sleeping the years of their manhood away,
Years they had mark'd for the joys of the brave,
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave;
Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
Parents and brother and husband and lover,
Shrine in your hearts these dead heroes of ours, "Cover Them Over."

Cover the faces that motionless lie,
Shot from the blue of the glorious sky;
Lips that are silent and bosoms all cold,
Hearts tried and true resting now in the mold.
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the garlands they lost with their life;
Cover them over, eys, cover them over,
Parents and brother and husband and lover,
Shrine in your hearts these dead heroes of curs,
And cover them over with beautiful flow'rs.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Patriotism Demanded by Our Living and Dead Defenders.

AN URGENT CALL TO CIVIC DUTY

Rev. Dr. Garrigan's Address at the Soldiers' Home.

A GREAT TRUST TO KEEP

The oration at the burial ground attached to the Soldiers' Home was delivered by Rev. Dr. Garrigan, vice rector of the Catholic University.

Rev. Dr. Garrigan, after an eloquent tribute to the day and its memories and the re-

union of the nation, said: In order to this grand accomplishment hundreds of thousands of them laid down their lives on the field of battle; but they died not. Their spirits still keep guard over the sacred trust which they purchased with their blood, and from their last restwith their blood, and from their last resting places at Arlington, and Gettysburg,
and Memphis, and Fredericksburg, and Corinth, and Vicksburg, and Andersonville,
and Chattanooga, and Shiloh, from one
hundred hillsides they keep watch over the
nation, and challenge for the password
every man who would enter into our privileged citizenship and enjoy our liberties.
And the password they demand is an epitome of all civic duty: natrictism—Amer-



ican patriotism, in the best and broadest meaning of the word: patriotism they de-mand of us; love of country next to love of God. Love of country from a natural and conscientious motive; because the God of nations has implanted this noble sentiment in the human heart and have expressed nations has implanted this noble sentiment in the human heart, and has commanded that we give to Caesar what is Caesar's, by the same obligation that we give to God what is God's. Yes, next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. And this is the true principle of national life; the vital spark of national honor; the pure well-surjus of the neonle's prosperity the the vital spark of national honor; the pure well-spring of the people's prosperity, the shield of the nation's safety. "It is sublime," says a patriot prelate, "in its enthusiasm and heroic oblations on the field of battle." "Oh, glorious is he," exclaims, in Homer, the Trojan warrior, "who for his country fails." It is sublime in the oftrecurring cares and labors of dutiful, honest citizenship. It is sublime in the exercise of the franchise, through the nonest vote of the humblest citizen may balance and even counteract the tainted ballot of the monopolist or syndicate millionaire. Such patriotism, pure, large, unselfish and Such patriotism, pure, large, unselfish and intelligent, and akin to religion, I call the virtue of patriotism; and this virtue in name and in deed our fallen heroes and their living comrades have made the password of the hour, and the characteristic of true Americanism.

A Demand for Patriotism. And it seems to me that the demand

from the living and dead defenders of our common country for patriotism was never more timely than now. For seldom, indeed never in our history, were we subject to so great and unhealthy influences, foreign and domestic, as today. The spirit of anarchy or defiance of law; the greed of wealth at any cost, eating the heart of corporations and individuals; the servile seeking after titles; the influence of trusts on our state and national legislatures; the avoidance of such municipal and civic duties as offer neither high honors nor great emolumentall these reveal our aristocratic tendencies and contrast our present state sails with and contrast our present state sadly with the honest, unselfish, loyal citizenship that distinguished the republic of our fathers. Many of these abuses are corruptions of decadent monarchies and are a foreign decadent monarchies and are a roreign growth on our social and economic life, and like diseased or disabled emigrants should be returned in the next ship to die on their native soil and rest with their fathers. They are an unnatural graft on fathers. They are an unnatural graft on our young republican tree, and they will deform the fair growth of American life and manners and taint its golden fruit. There is no patriotism in the sectional legislation from which the country has suffered for the past few years. During these years our domestic industries were almost paralyzed, standing idle month after mouth, with thousands of operatives. month, with thousands of operatives starving, and the whole country waiting and pleading for national legislation, which alone could bring relief. The relief came not from Congress, and it is doubtful if those representatives of a free and intelligent people yet understand that the welfare of the whole country is of greater importance than that of a part or section, and "a fortiore" is above the interest of a trust or a syndicate. Our legislators and public officials too often forget that their positions are sacred trusts, confided to thousands of operative trust or a syndicate. Our legislators and public officials too often forget that their positions are sacred trusts, confided to them by the people, to be discharged conscientiously for the benefit of the whole country, and not for section or for self. It was not with this mind that Washington endured the hardships of Valley Forge, and founded the republic; it was not in this spirit that grant and Sherman and Sheridan, and, I dare add, Lee and Jackson, fought their campaigns. It was not on these narrow lines that Jefferson, Clay and Adams laid the foundation of our national and legislative executive offices. No; these were all statesmen and patriots, who were actuated by one pure motive, and who had one high purpose always in view; they were actuated by a conscientious sense of duty and honor, and they rever lost sight of the welfare of the whole commonwealth. Now, this is what the password of the citizen-soldier, living and dead, demands of us today. This is true patriotism and true Americanism. And the veteran has a right to demand this of us, because he first taught us, and still teaches us, lessons of the highest and purest patriotism. Indeed, he is patriotism itself personified. In the hour of his country's danger he left home and all that the heart of man adores and loves, and, taking his place in the volunteer ranks, were to the front, and there loves, and, taking his place in the volunteer ranks, went to the front, and there offered his noble young life to save the republic from the shame of defeat and the loss of dismemberment. He forgot self-interest and ease; he gave willing obedience to military lowers. interest and ease; he gave willing obedience to military law and discipline; endured heroically all the hardships of camp and battlefield; bore defeat and victory with equanimity and evinced a morality and intelligence rarely, if ever, found in an army of such vast and diverse proportions. The soldiers of the war of the rebellion, like their ancestors of the revolution, did not enter the army for gain or conquest. They enter the army for gain or conquest. They

brought no local issues into the contest made rep bargains. They fought for evermade (4) bargains. They fought for every state, and section, and class; they fought and bled and died, "pro aris et focis," for our altars and firesides, for the whole country; for the maintenance of the federal Union in all its native integrity and splen-

A Rebuke to the Traitor. Their intense love of country, consecrated with their blood, is a silent but eloquent rebuke to the traitor who sells his vote, whether at the ballot box or in the halls of Congress. Their broad unselfish patriotism should silence and shame, if shame be in them, the few noisy, flery zealots, as ignorant of true Americanism as they are of true Christianity, who seek every opportunity, and even an occasion like this, to sow seeds of dissension in our land, to revive the dead issues of a "lost land, to revive the dead issues of a "lost cause," to range section against section and class against class, and all this, as they would have us believe, through love of country, which country, in their opinion, belongs exclusively to that portion of the people who have a certain quality of his wife became a raving maniac.

blood in their veins and certain religious and political beliefs in their brains. They forget that the war is over, and to the joy of our whole country that we are now a united and happy people, whose interests and glory are one and identical. They forget that the army and navy, whose patriotism is honored today throughout the leigth and breadth of our land, were largely composed of men whose ancestors never dinched in war, whose race and religion, however, they would now proscribe. They forget, or will not know, that the blood of America, Ireland, of Germany and of other nations was shed for the same sagred cause, flowed in the same stream and drenched the same battlefields; that the mangled bodies of these brave soldiers were deposited together in the same pit; that the green grass of springtime breaks annually from their commingled dust, and that the dew falls constantly from heaven on their union in the grave. But why disturb their peaceful slumbers? No! Eternal rest to those noble spirits, and everlasting praise to their names! The disseminators of discord were not in the ranks; they do not understand the spirit of our Constitution; they are neither statesmen nor soldiers; they represent only themselves, and in spite of them the republic will live, and will grow more pure and patriotic day by day—religious conscience and national honor nourishing the ardent patriotism of all its citizens.

It has a glorious God-given mission; first, to ito own people, and then to all the liberty-loving peoples of the earth, before whose eyes it is the symbol of human rights and human liberties, and for whom its star-spangled banner is what the cross in the heavens was to Constantine—the emblem of victory, peace and prosperity. For my part I have an unwavering faith in the republic of America; I believe in it next to my God, and therefore I love it next to my God, and therefore I love it next to my God, and therefore I love it next to my God, and therefore I love it next to my God, and directs the progress of humanity; and

A Great Trust to Keep.

Fellow-citizens and soldiers, a great trust has been handed down intact to us by our brothers who fought and who fell in the late war. A trust as extensive as the limits of our great country, and as far-reaching in its influences as time itself. To preserve and perpetuate to coming genera-tions that for which those heroes fought and fell-the unity and integrity of the epublic in all its strength and majesty. republic in all its strength and majesty. This is the sacred trust, and this we can discharge faithfully, if we follow the teachings of religion and patriotism. I believe that truth and duty, God and country, will be the motto of the Arreican people, the light of their minds and the rule of their actions. Then our country will be safe and its future secure. Different interests and different sections may be out of joint with one another for a time, and for a time dangerously jar; even the social of joint with one another for a time, and for a time dangerously jar; even the social organism may be feverish; but this is simply the effort of new conditions and developments moving toward readjustment. The clouds will pass; the fevered temperature will lower; wise councils will prevail; pure politics and unselfish leadership will prevail the perfect of the prevail of the perfect of the prevail of the perfect of the perf

"And the star-spangled banner forever shall O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

assuredly triumph, and we will thus per-petuate with increased honor and glory what the citizen soldier established in his

IS THIS THE END!

Thomas Calvert's Lines Read at Sol-

diers' Home Today. The poet of the day at the Soldiers' Home cemetery was Dr. Thomas Calver. He read the following stanzas, entitled "Is This the End?"

Is this the end—the worn-out soldier sleeping.
The requiem by the lowly, mossy grave.
The widow and the helpless children weeping.
The flowers that breathe sweet homage to the

Is this the end—the/mother's fond heart broken, The boyhood pertrait on the parlor wall, The lock of hair—affection's dearest token— The picture of a soldier—is this all?

Is this the end of macches long and wears, Of vigils through the cold and stormy nights, of wounds and sickness, prisons dark and dreary, And reckless carange of the dreadful fights?

Within my memory lives a vivid etching—
A cottage home amidst the fairest flowers;
Green fields and meadows sweet before it stretch Past rippling streams and lovely sylvan bowers.

Beside the cottage door a group is standing— A mother by so many charms endeared; A gray-baired father, with a form commandin A face to be remembered and revered. Two blue-eyed sisters, with soft, shining tresses; A fair young wife-the dearest of them all-And in their midst, receiving their caresses, A brown-eyed soldier, strong, erect and tall.

The pulse of Time with moments quick is throbbing; The datm is calling the departing son; The kiss, the food embrace, the tear, the sobbing, Must plead in vain when work is to be done.

Another scene within my mind is burning— A picture that is painful to recall— A worn, spent soldier from the war returning, When first he meets again his dear ones all.

The form so beat, 'he face so wan and listless, The eyes so sad, the halting step so weak, The enpty sleeve, with eloquence resistless Of War's relentless carrinces speak.

The frightened, tearful visage of the mother;

Is this the end of all those scenes so vivid, And others sadder yet, more bitter far— Wet eyes of love fixed on the features livid Of him whose spirit nears the gates ajar?

Is this the end of never-ceasing sorrows, Of scalding tears and hopeless, breaking hearts, Of nights of wee that bring no kinder morrows, Save when the sobbing, painful breath departs? No! no! 'Tis not the end! In voice of thunder A reunited nation answers now, And shows the stars that once were far asunder, In one bright blaze of beauty off her brow.

Tis not the and! The smiles of peaceful peoples, The busy shops, the farms with fruitage rife, The happy schools, the God-proclaiming steeples, Are but the harvest of a noble strife.

Then deck their monuments with wreaths of glory; Let Love's most precions tears fall on their graves; And in each happy home be heard the story Of what the nation owes her fallen braves.

WHERE OUR HEROES SLEEP. Poem by Bessle Beech Rend at Con gressional Cemetery.

The poem written for the Memorial day exercises at Congressional cemetery, by Mrs. M. D. Lincoln (Bessie Beech), was entitled "Where Our Heroes Sleep," and was as follows:

The sweet scented flowers, the fragrance of May, The glad golden sunlight that falls here today, 'Mid roses, and garlands, and crowns for the braves Who quietly sleep in their flower-strewn graves.

Sweet peace, like a halo; the reverent breeze That comes with its music to sigh through th trees,
Or waft on the air a cadence of song
To reach to the city where dwell the great throng. Here, echoes today, our requiem low, So sad with the rathos where tears ever flow; On the dust of our dead, disturb not by strife, In this city so still, yet so throbbing with life!

We hear the wild clamor, we see the vast throng Marching on to destruction, the gallant and strong We hear the deep thunder of hosts as they tread To the mouth of the cannon, or shell over head! Will none call a halt to this carnage so vast, None break in the ranks-as the victims march past No angel of mercy, no hand stay the blood, That sweeps o'er the earth like a deluging flood?

Ah, no; while the stars and the stripes led the host None halted, none faltered, nor counted the cost; Our country, our honor, our homes and our pride! And our gallants ne'er halted, as they marched side by side. Oh, cruel the carnage; the victims our best, Our bravest and truest, who slumber and rest; See, now they are coming, they linger today, Where their comrades these tributes so tenderly

fond.

They eagerly watch, and their message is heard,
Though they utter no sound, and breathe not
word.

The flowers we strew o'er the tombs of our dead Will bring back a message wherever we tread; And the dew in the lilies' fair callx tonight May glow with love's answer from the realm light.

The drums' muffled measure, the bugle's shrill note, From the shore immortal may tenderly float; And harmoules sweet drown the turnult and strife, And make us more brave for the battle of life.

AMERICAN PATRIOTS

A Theme That Inspired Rev. Dr. Easton to Eloquence.

ORATION AT GRACELAND CEMETERY

White Slavery at the North Not to Be Tolerated.

DANGERS FROM IGNORANCE

Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers Easton, pas tor of the Eastern Presbyterian Church, cemetery.

Rev. Dr. Easton's theme was "American Patriots and Their Deeds of Valor." He spoke as follows:

Patriotism is the highest virtue ascribed to the citizen. It dwells with generous and heroic minds and inspires lofty and magnanimous deeds. It has been common to define patriotism as love of country, but it is something more. The love of our native land is merely the source in which this exalted principle has its rise. An enlightened and enlarged conception of what constitutes the real good of our country and that sanctifies the sacrifices made in the nation's salvation.

A true patriotism embraces all the interests and happiness and prosperity of



our loved republic and conscripts to its use all the genius, rank and wealth and eloquence to defend its civil and religious rights and institutions of freedom, so as to perpetuate and hand them down from generation to generation.
Thirty years and more have come and

generation to generation.

Thirty years and more have come and gone since peace was proclaimed and the horrors of fratricidal war closed and the Union saved. Why should we assemble here to scatter these flowers over the graves of the sleeping heroes? Is it to perpetuate hate and keep open the old wounds between north and south? Is it to mero glorify the heroism of the northern armies? Not at all. The purpose it to keep affame true patriotic principles in the hearts of the present generation in these times of peace, assured that if we prove recreant to the gallant memories of Shiloh, Gettysburg and the Wilderness and Sherman's march to the sea we may find ourselves destitute of heroes to save us in any future struggle that may arise from foreign foes! Four long years—years filled with alternating hopes and discouragements—victories and defeats—they battled on. Brilliant statesmen qualled and talked about "peace at any price." Segacious theorists suggested "compromises," and cowards fled to English soil when new drafts were ordered, but the army never once wavered, and the mighty hosts of God drove on and never uttered one regret or n'urmur or failed until Lee surrendered his sword to the man whom all the nations of the earth honored—a name enshrined in every American patriot's heart—Ulysses S. Grant.

The veterans that surround me are but a remnant of that army of heroic volunteers who, when the solemn and decisive crisis came, and he who sat at the helm of the nation at the White House, a man raised up by God for special deliverance of a great cause, and fell a martyr to liberty—a name that thrills every soul with patriotic fervor—Abraham Lincoln—when he called for reinforcements answered back—

"We're coming, Father Abraham, Six hundred thousand strong."

"We're coming, Father Abraham, Six hundred thousand strong," rested not until the effulgent light o a righteous peace illumed the face of every man in the land, and which intelligent and heroic valor consecrated forever to Lib-erty! Did I say intelligent?

The Dangers of Ignorance.

"Ignorance is the strong ally of oppresion, and more dangerous in republics than in monarchies, because it transforms the masses into plant tools of demagogues and and under the blight of ignorance the experiment of popular government must fail. The best education is that which teaches the people their rights as men and their duties as clitzens, and the essential distinctions between true liberty and a false license! There is but one way to secure this and so preserve our inheritance, which our dead heroes gave to us and to our children, and that is your preserving the common free schools, over which waves the sacred emblem, the stars and stripes!
"Our American homes represent about 13.— "Our American homes represent about 13 "Our American homes represent about 13,484,572 of school age, representing every
race and condition. They are advancing at
the rate of a million a year. Every citizen
ought to interest himself in the personnel
of our educators and insist that patriotism
shall be taught in all our public schools,
for the very existence of our republic depends upon it, as it is what Lincoln has so
eloquently said, 'A government of the people, by the people and for the people.'

American Labor. "We desire to see the memory of our he oes held cear, so that the coming man hood of the nation, whether it toil at the forge or at the loom, or in the bowels of the earth, deep down in mines, bringing the earth, deep down in mines, bringing out nature's hoardings for the benefit of our 70,000,000 population, shall be defended against debasement and serf-like tyranny and toil for less than man should take or man should give. Having ended forever slavery in the cotton fields of the southland, we must not tolerate white slavery at the north! Monopolies and oppressive corporations must not tread upon the rights of American labor!

of American labor!
"Ill fares the land to sickening ills a prey

Whose wealth increases, but whose men decay.

"The immortal Lincoln led his country up to the sublimity of resolving that in a republic of freemen there should not and could not justly exist a slave, and his masterful American spirit inspired the party of liberty, inspired the legions of glorified heroes who followed the path marked before he sank to rest, and it is ours to stand fore he sank to rest, and it is ours to stand up and deciare over the graves of the sleeping martyrs that there is not an inch of soil on which there shall be found a white slave of labor! Said Daniel Webster: "The world's deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable as well as free.' The war of 1861-1864 proved beyond all debate, and settled the question forever, the stability of our free states and made all the states free, in fact, what our forefathers had held in the free states and made all the states free, in fact, what our forefathers had held in theory, let us teach the truth, not in bitterness, but in love and just patriotism, that all who come after us shall know the truth and avoid the rocks that nearly stranded and wrecked the grandest republic that ever rose upon the shores of history!" The Peroration.

The orator closed with an eloquent trib ute to the departed Secretary of State, Walter Q. Gresham, and finished the ora-"Oh, land of liberty, my heart loved thee

"Oh, land of liberty, my heart loved thee before my eyes beheld thy consecrated shores, and longed for the day to come when I should be numbered with thy sons. That day came long ago, for which I never forget to render thanks to that loving providence which hath made thee glorious, and thy destiny blessed. Today I am thy son and thou art my country—my proudest boast, the noblest of my free, unfettered spirit, is I am an American citizen! Were spirit, is I am an American citizen: Were I now, oh, my country, sweet, beautiful Columbia, the Kohinor among all the nations, to express for the last time on earth the wish of my heart for thee, I would plead, may the Providence that hath sustained thee and raised up invincible de-

fenders for thee in times of peril, whose graves we garland today, grant thee in thy future need the guardianship, protection and defense of like incompatible fidelity, broad intelligence and unconquerable patriotism of the heroes whose dust is dear to American freemen! Hail, beauteous, sacred ensign of the nation, hope of humanity and pride of freedom. May mortal eyes never see a film of darkness on one of thy radiant stars, nor blur of defeat on thy proudly swelling folds, and when the beams of the expiring sun shall shed the light of day upon the earth for the last time and the heralds of Jehovan shall sound the dread call of the living and the dead to judgment, may thou, oh, flag, float serene, majestic and impassable over this western



The following peem was read today by at Oak Hill:

Vain, vain is the thought; no one ever bought Exemption from final decay— To live and to rot, and, then be forgot, The fate of the quick of today.

Here Reno retires from war's flaming fires, To shine with immortals above, And bivone there, devoid of all care, In realms of infinite love.

While ocean shall roar on rock-beaten shore The memory of Morris shall be, A great loyal light for freedom's fair fight On river, on land and on sea.

His great iron arm kept the Union from harm,
While he smashed all the foes in its way—
As great Lincoln, his chief, looked on with deep
grief
At the war 'twixt the Blue and the Gray.

As years roll along, with sorrow or song, His name shall grow braver and brighter— A Puritan true, who knew what to do With soldiers and Grant, the great fighter.

Here sleeps fine Van Ness, who knew no distress, While Burns expended his gold—
A Senator true, who b'lieved in the Blue;
A gentleman honest and bold.

Here Corcoran, the sage; Bishop Pinckney, broad Here Corcoran, the same gauge, gauge, Repose under marble so white;
They've gone to a land, bright, blooming and grand, Where never, up there, is a night.

O'er the flight of the years, with smiles or with tears,
The memory of Payne shall remain;
And millions unborn, in twilight and morn,
Shall sing his immortal refrain.

Here rests the bright Blaine, in sunshin Who left his imprint on the Nation— A keen, brainy mind, devoted and kind, Well fitted to fill a great station.

No shaft marks his grave, to tell traveler or slave Where that proud, loyal heart lowly lies; Yet the tall pines of Maine sigh in sorrow for Blaine, As they toss their green heads to the skies. Our sweet little child, so simple and mild, Sleeps here, under roses so fair; Yet, soon we shall go to a cline where no wos Or sighs can corrode us with care.

Yet the citizens dead have always been wed To Liberty, Friendship and Truth— Must be honored as well as soldlers who fell in the pride of their brave, loyal youth.

Then, strew sweetest flowers o'er the soldier. But remember the citizen, too, Who stood by his conscience in trouble— And supported the Gray or the Blue.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

The banquet of the federal and confeder ate veterans in Chicago last night marked an epoch in the history of the united north and south. Before the regular toast list was called Gen. Stephen D. Lee of Missis-

"Chicago's hospitality knows no sectionalism. No American is a stranger. This great city, the future metropolis of this country, is catholic. This event will be historic. We make no war on the dead, and we, the vanquished, come to the home of the bravest victors. We accept the friendship in the same spirit it is offered. Come and conquer us of the south again, not with your havenets, but with your not with your bayonets, but with your commercial men."

Gen. Wade Hampton presented a resolu-tion in regard to the death of Gen. Gres-ham, and the 200 guests silently drank to

Gen. Black of Illinois responded to the toast "Here's the hand of fellowship." Gen. Fitzhugh Lee responded to "Shall the south not grasp it?"

Other speakers were Solicitor General Holmes Conrad, Senator John W. Daniel and Major Gen. H. Kyd Douglas.

Lieut. Young's Eloquent Address at Arlington.

A SAILOR'S TRIBUTE

FOUNDING THE AMERICAN NATION

Messages Left Us by the Patriot Dead.

AMERICANS OF THE FUTURE

One of the interesting features of the exrcises at Arlington was an address by Lieut. Lucien Young of the navy.

Lieut, Young said: Grand Army of the Republic, ladies and gentlemen: We are here today to celebrate the vernal festival of American patriotism. A grateful people are again assembled to show their appreciation of the heroes of the nation. They will decorate the graves

the nation. They will decorate the graves of our martyred dead and renew memories of the illustrious men who unified this nation and perpetuated its free and independent institutions.

Thousands of old soldiers and sailors are today turning aside in the walks of life to visit the silent encampment of dead comrades who once fought by their sides. As year after year the band of the living grows smaller and the circle is narrowing, the band of the dead is increasing. But



Lient, Lucien Young

you who are left, though your hands tremble with age, will today strew flowers upon the host of valiant brothers who rest from the toils of life in that deep, long sleep whose reveille shall be the resurrection. Silent, still and undisturbed is their rest in this consecrated place, overlooking the capital of the nation. They laid their honor, their patriotism, their integrity and their fortunes upon the country's altar, and sealed those gifts with their blood and ratified them with their death. Sleep on, ye fallen ones! No wily foe can burst upon your camping ground, or drive you from your lonely bivouac, while the great Potomac chants your eternal requiem, and God's angels keep watch and ward above your graves.

God's angels keep watch and ward above your graves.

When you are all gone we of this generation, and those coming on, will guard these graves with sacred vigilance, and permit no wanton foot to tread lightly on their hallowed ground, no vandalism, no avarice, no neglect and no ravages of time shall bear witness that we have forgotten the cost of a free and united republic.

Over the ashes of these quiet sleepers will be kindled anew, each year, the perpetual fires of eternal greatness.

Foundations of Nationality. The heroes of the country, alive or dead, onstitute the foundation of American nationality, and as heroism is by divine revelation the tie which binds great men to other men it unites us today with every hero on the land and in the sea who fell for his country, making us a nation in which the states of this Union will, like the stars of the great planetary system, hereafter differ from each other only in glory, while revolving around that celestial sun, resplendent with the living light to irradiate the world with the sublime doctrine of divine right of the people to self-government.

ment.

We have not the power to roll away the great curtain which separates the present from the future, and we are profoundly ignorant of the events of gladness or sadness that lie across our national pathway. If the dead past were left to bury its dead the morrow would bear no blossoms of hope; its weird branches would sway in unhope; its weird branches would sway in unfruitful nakedness before us, withering every aspiration, striking to palsy every ambition, suffocating every generous impulse of the soul. The yesterdays of time have fretted their traces on the shores of eternity since eternity began. No day was ever without its yesterday; no day shall ever live unlinked with a tomorrow, until the sun and its vaster system has grown feeble from sheer old age and died of inantition.

mition.
Without the promise of a tomorrow we Without the promise of a tomorrow we should die today of despair; without a yesterday there could be no today; in the present alone we cannot live. Today is already spent—we live and execute in the tomorrow. We toss from hand to hand, we gather and number and fondle the accomplishments, the trophies, of yesterday. We are enlightened and directed by the accumulated wisdom of the ages that have flown. lated wisdom of the ages that have hown.

To forget the past is to abandon hope of
the future. To allow these graves to be
overgrown with the brambles of neglect
would be to become indifferent to the permanence of the republic.

Americans of the Future. Who and what manner of men shall they be? They shall not speak to us, but we may communicate to them our hopes and aspirations, we may hold communion with transmit to them that one lesson which has been echoed down to us through all has been echoed down to us through all the sounding canons of time—that liberty is to be had only at the price of unsleeping vigilance; that its watch fires, once suf-fered through the temptation of inexpedi-ency or the neglect that comes of over-confidence to grow cold in extinction, ere never again to be fanned into life and

never again to be fanned into life and flame.

The message which our fathers have left us was emphasized and impressed in the awful roar of cannon, whose thunder we may farcy is yet faintly but distinctly echoing around this restful spot. This is the message which yon towering shaft of white proclaims; this is the message which yon glorious figure of bronze crowning its majestic dome delivers from the very vault of heaven. This is the assurance and the prayer that exhales like a perfume wafted on the breath of spring, floating on the bosom of the evening, aromatic in all the verdure of the year's tenderest youth, murmured in the whisperings of the breezes, mellowed in the sunlight, reflected in the blue heavens, mingled in the odors of this plain strewn deep in flowers, that come to us from the restful, glorious files and platoons and regiments of heroes who forever encamp within these more than holy confines.

confines.

Would you in patriotic pilgrimage behold with enraptured vision, touch with reverent hand, slake a thirsty soul aglow with love of country, before the palpable reality of the sacred corner stone of the resplendent shrine of our freedom? Would you gaze entranced upon the foundation of the Pantheon of our liberty, which has quickened and developed such wondrous political and economic results, which has within so brief a space transformed a continent of wilderness into a mighty republic, instinct with progress, stored with all that science, letters and human genius can yield, and over all of which arches the rainbow of sweet content? Seek it not in yellowing scroll nor fading script, nor in cunning marble nor fashioned bronze, seek it not under yon proud palace of gleaming white; not in monument, col-Would you in patriotic pligrimage behold

nor in cunning marble nor fashioned bronze, seek it not under yon proud palace of gleaming white; not in monument, column nor statue. There is but one foundation; its corner stones are many. They are these wreathed headstones that gleam in honor above these veterans discharged, who, dying for liberty's sake, enjoy an equality of glory. Here rests the foundation of our freedom and equality. Here is the shrine of all our glory.

Then never let the graves of our patriot dead be forgotten by the hand of affection. Let the sepulchre of the brave be made worthy resorts of weeping freedom. Let the solid stone tablets brood over the slumbering bodies of our fallen heroes. Let the marble shafts spring above their dusty dwelling places. Let the morning and evening sun play upon these grassy mounds symbolic of the showery benedictions of this and coming generations.

majestic and impassable over this western world, revered, unrivaled, unsullied and be loved, bearing witness to the deathless fi delity of Americans to liberty!"



Poet Joyce's Tribute to the Distin-guished Dend.

Col. John A. Joyce at the memorial services Grand Home of the Dead! we mourn as we tread Near the forms that crumble below; How sad and how still the graves on Oak Hill, 'Neath the sunlight in bright golden glow.

Here's a rough, rude stone, moss-grown and alone, Where old Time has left not a trace Of the name it bofe in the days of yore, After brain and body ceased race.

The soldier and sage from age unto age Have slept 'neath these towering trees; The young and the old, the bright and the bold Are sung by the breath of the breeze. Brave Babcock in peace here finds his surcease From sorrows that troubled his life, And rests with his God, beneath the green sod, Away from this cold world of strife.

Here Morris, the brave, a king of the wave, Doth slumber beneath the old flag; Hero so grand, on the famed "Cumberland," And bold as a tall mountain crag.

And Stanton, the grand, stood out for this land When Rebellion reared up its fierce face; Calmly resones 'neath beds of sweet roses— A lone hero in war's ruin race.

Great Lorenzo Dow, who never knew how
To garnish his truth with a lie,
Sleeps under these flowers through May's golden
bours,
Illumined by the sun and the sky.

Here John Howard Payne sings again that refrain That thrills us wherever we roam; O'er land or o'er sea, our hearts still shall be The Mecca of dear Home, Sweet Home.

Let soldier and sage from age unto age

Dick Merrick lies here, a bright, brilliant seer, A lawyer of lingering renown, Who fought every wrong of the cruel and strong In county, or city, or town.

Mother and sister, sweetheart and wife, liepose from their labors on earth, liesting alone, away from all sitrife, Where the soul fluds a happy, new birth.

Got bless our grand Nation forever; God bless every heart, fond and true; God bless any soul that won't sever The Gray from the Red, White and Blue.

Inton and Confederate Veterans Dine

sippi was called upon and said: "Chicago's hospitality knows no section-

his memory.
Acting as toastmaster, Col. Henry L. Turner, commanding the first infantry of the Illinois National Guard, welcomed the southerners as "comrades," and offered his tribute in the form of a poem. "The Army of the Tennessee" was re-sponded to by Gen. Longstreet, who was greeted with an outburst of applause. The banqueters applauded a touching tribute to

history, ex-Senator Butler of South Caro-lina placed him in the first rank of the world's soldiers. I do not think any other city onthe face of the earth would have had the audacity to invite us rebels here to-night. It is to your everlasting honor and

the south not grasp it?"

A hearty greeting was extended to Gen. Hampton when he arose to respond to "Southern chivalry from 1776 to 1865." He said: "The people of Chicago have done something that is the most honorable act that was ever performed in the history of this country. Bigots may blame you or us, but this act of yours is the grandest thing of the century. It is magnificent chivalry that you should raise a monument to the confederate dead."

Other speakers were Solicitor Country